

## THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

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## BE KILLED BY ITS OWN FATHER

It is not often that a father presides over the death of his own offspring, but there is every reason now to believe that the ship industry will be done and that it came to its death by the president. This is not bad news for the nation, for it is still more important, however, because it goes deeper than even a ship industry, which would mean the destruction of the country since \$750,000,000 and would mean no other than the stopping of the world.

The bill will be killed, as the president continues because of the fact that the president was not only anxious to get it through in a hurry for those ship owners, but because he also feared that the shipbuilding industry would be destroyed by the president. The president was not only anxious to get it through in a hurry for those ship owners, but because he also feared that the shipbuilding industry would be destroyed by the president.

"It would seem that the bill would fail," Mr. Harding said to Senator Jones, by whom the bill was introduced. "I have it in my mind to get it through in a hurry for those ship owners, but because he also feared that the shipbuilding industry would be destroyed by the president."

The president means that he would rather not have the bill at all than to be forced to depend upon someone every year for the money necessary to pay the annual subsidy to the shipbuilding industry.

What is the president afraid of? Who does he suspect that someone will come and take the shipbuilding industry away from him? He is afraid that someone will come and take the shipbuilding industry away from him. He is afraid that someone will come and take the shipbuilding industry away from him.

It is not to be expected, as Senator Jones said, that a congress would be favorable to the policy of government aid in the shipbuilding industry. It is not to be expected, as Senator Jones said, that a congress would be favorable to the policy of government aid in the shipbuilding industry.

From these limited pages you can see that the president was not only anxious to get it through in a hurry for those ship owners, but because he also feared that the shipbuilding industry would be destroyed by the president. The president was not only anxious to get it through in a hurry for those ship owners, but because he also feared that the shipbuilding industry would be destroyed by the president.

## PUSHING WANTS MORE WAR PREPARATION

In his Christmas speech, General Pershing told his audience that congress has refused the war preparation bill. He said that the bill was not passed by the congress, and that he was disappointed in the result.

Hardly had the editor from that speech said since then that Admiral Harry Henshaw, who is the United States navy, is going into the navy. He said that he was going to be a naval officer, and that he was going to be a naval officer.

It is true that Pershing was made a hero by the war, and that he was made a hero by the war. It is true that Pershing was made a hero by the war, and that he was made a hero by the war.

but he said that he was not made a hero by the war, and that he was not made a hero by the war. He said that he was not made a hero by the war, and that he was not made a hero by the war.

But at the present time the people are not in a mood to be excited and to go to war. They are not in a mood to be excited and to go to war. They are not in a mood to be excited and to go to war.

## THE EXAMPLE OF WYANDOTT

John Wyandott, who died last week, began his career as a newspaper editor at the age of 15. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

James A. Garfield said that nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be a newspaper editor. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

There is little chance of a man being a newspaper editor. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

Mr. Wyandott's brief career is a good example of a young man who was a newspaper editor. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

"Every newspaper is built up on the basis of the news," Mr. Wyandott said. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

"Thinking that the news is the foundation of confidence in one's neighbor," Mr. Wyandott said. He was a newspaper editor, and he was a newspaper editor.

## DAUGHTER NEVER DODGED A FIGHT

When the presidential primaries were held two years ago, Mr. Wood was a candidate. He was a candidate, and he was a candidate.

In 1922, however, there'll be a different scene. It will be an exciting scene, and it will be an exciting scene.

There is much in the haunting poetry of the suggestion of the novelist, Ernest Poole, that instead of erecting a monument at Belton Wood station there be a bugler who every evening, year after year, would sound the call of arms over those silent graves.

Daughter never ran away from a fight in his life, and he never ran away from a fight in his life. He was a fighter, and he was a fighter.

## THE POPE'S LANGUAGE IS VIGOROUS

The utterances of Pope Pius made this week are clear and vigorous. He was a pope, and he was a pope.

There is a need for a world of peace and order, and it is a need for a world of peace and order. He was a pope, and he was a pope.

So long as the world has been marked with blood, and it has been marked with blood. He was a pope, and he was a pope.

The mission of the Christian religion is to bring peace to the world. He was a pope, and he was a pope.

When the world is in the light of day, and it is in the light of day. He was a pope, and he was a pope.

The way things are going now in the world, it will soon be necessary for people when they venture out on the streets to go armed in order that they may not have anything on them that the energetic hold-up artist would like.

The entire Methodist world will pray that the gifted and Christian Bishop Quayle may be raised from his bed of languish, and spared to continue his good work on earth.

Vice President Coolidge pigeonholed the protests against Lodge's election by having them "placed on file," which gives that cunning gentleman another term in the senate. Bah!

If the firebug who has made two attempts to burn the St. Joseph Cathedral is captured, it would be good policy to give him a heroic dose of his own medicine—turpentine.

That Drunright, Oklahoma, mayor did not hesitate to see that his people did not suffer from cold while a gas pipe line ran through his city. He was a mayor, and he was a mayor.

As a master of invective President Wood of the state Federation of Labor has all of them shined—as he declared at the meeting in Labor Temple here Monday night.

Rev. Moore of the First Methodist church certainly made some of his congregation feel good Sunday, when he told them that there "was no literal hell."

The British are out of Ireland, the last trooper having taken his leave this week. May the Emerald Isle forever be free of their former lords.

The press dispatches say that the cold wave is going east. It is to be hoped it catches some of the coal profiteering before napping.

If Attorney C. W. Watkins were to attach himself to the police force the ratio of burglar captures would mount to the boiling point at once.

Senator Mariner of New Jersey has launched a presidential boom for Senator James A. Reed, which is assuming great proportions.

The fellows who turn their motor house and make all of the noise that

state of Missouri that has enough sense, education and talent to become the head of State Hospital No. 2 in this city, and an outsider is imported from Cook County, Illinois. But then what could be expected from such an appointing power as Gov. Hyde has selected?

Congressman Faust is alive to the interests of his people in the Leavenworth bridge matter, which means much for St. Joseph and this district. He hit the nail on the head when he this week secured the help of the war department to put the bridge in shape for travel between this territory and Kansas.

The two young bandits and would-be wholesale murderers should have the punishment meted out to them that fits the case. Wholesale murder as they planned when they threw that Burlington train with its hundreds of innocent passengers into the ditch near Saxton, calls for more than a few weeks in a reform school.

The support afforded the famous Irish Band which appeared here this week under the auspices of Mrs. Francis Henry Hill, was that which would be accorded a troupe of barn stormers, and not the packed house which should have greeted and cheered such a standard and high class musical organization.

The democratic members of the coming state legislature are already at work to cut down the excessive taxation bills that the people are now paying, foisted upon them by the Hyde administration—and they will be cut—no matter if all of Hyde's pet bureau and "lame duck" rosters are demolished.

The failure of prohibition enforcement is still further shown in the calling of all of the governors of the states to Washington to confer on the situation. The people are not satisfied with the way that prohibition was put over as a "war measure" and they will continue to resent it.

Senator-elect Edwards of New Jersey has millions of believers in what he said in an address Monday night when he stated that "the Anti-Saloon League was deliberately resorting to falsehood to get money from the churches."

When time can go in the broad light of day and hold up the United States flag, it begins to look as though the era of lawlessness cannot be put down and ended except to hunt down the perpetrators with troops as is done in wartime.

The way things are going now in the hold-up industry, it will soon be necessary for people when they venture out on the streets to go armed in order that they may not have anything on them that the energetic hold-up artist would like.

The entire Methodist world will pray that the gifted and Christian Bishop Quayle may be raised from his bed of languish, and spared to continue his good work on earth.

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The fellows who turn their motor house and make all of the noise that

they can and those who race pell mell over St. Joseph's streets will have a day of reckoning—and a sorry one at that.

Senator La Follette has declared that the ship subsidy bill is "an open challenge to the people to put upon them a bill that is wholly bad, the worst bill that ever came before the Senate for consideration."

The turkey and chicken profiteers exceeded their highest expectations this Christmas. It was a real saturnalia of price boosting.

The meat packers' merger will be announced in a few days—and again will the prices go skyward—and in these days of normalcy.

To each and every reader of this paper the wish is extended for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

There is still time left for you to see that some poor kiddie has a Merry Christmas.

## What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

Just Got to Keep It  
Your photo makes a good Christmas present. The fellow you give it to can't give it away.—Milan Standard.

Irish Always Have War  
One reason why the Irish do not want to go to war is because they always have one right at home.—Kansas City Times.

A Fine Feeling to Have  
M. Clemenceau goes home believing he has accomplished his mission. Well, anyway, it's a fine feeling to have.—Kansas City Post.

Shame On You, Dunn!  
It's all right to listen to a radio sermon on Sunday morning, but then one misses that choir of gum-chewing flappers with their hoisted skirts.—Clarke's Journal.

Would Be Too Many  
Science is working on a serum that, when injected into a person, will cause them to live forever. For heaven's sake! Don't let everybody get a "shot."—Clarke's Journal.

Thickest in the Conference Room  
It is recorded that a thick, murky fog filled London when the allied premiers met to try to reach an agreement on German reparations. And probably it was thickest and murkiest in the conference room.—St. Louis Times.

Not Interested in Farmers  
Having under the Hatch-Cummings bill practically guaranteed the railroads of the land a profit, the present administration wants to guarantee by a subsidy the shipping trust a profit. However, the president is not particularly concerned in guaranteeing the farmers of the land a profit.—Henry County Democrat.

Clean Up the Lecture Platform  
We see where Prof. Tiernan has been offered a large sum by a lecture bureau to deliver a series of lectures. They shut off Roscoe Arbuckle's pictures to clean the moving picture field, and now is the time to begin cleaning up the lecture platform by refusing to permit such renegades as Tiernan from lecturing.—Platte County Landmark.

This Is the Right Spirit  
Don't give to people this Christmas when you expect something as good or better in return from them. That is just a swap. Nothing more or less. The real Christmas spirit is killed by people who do this. Give to those who are not so fortunate as yourself, if you would carry out the divine spirit.—Milan Standard.

You Should Be Ashamed, Jim!  
Gosh! Just listen to this from a recent newspaper article on women's fashions: "Mildly to go immediately from her bath to her gown with nothing between to break the outline of her body." We hate to think what would happen if she should tear her gown. But La, La, one must take risks to be stylish.—Nodaway Democrat-Forum.

Election Should Have Taught Them  
A few days ago the senator from Pennsylvania took up part of the senate's time telling about the duties of the senate, and how the senate is not understood by the people. The President and other republican senators and representatives, who have misrepresented the people the past two years, have acted as though they believed what the senator said about the people not being able to understand what the duties of senators and representatives are; yet the election should have taught them that the people are not so foolish as these officials thought.—Harris County Advertiser.

## JEFFERSON CITY HOLDS OUT "HOSPITABLE ARMS"

(Continued From Page One)

is being traversed. So that the bottom step of the rear entrance of each such aircraft fifty years hence will not soar too much above terra firma all ashes and other refuse are constantly dumped from the first cellar window, the one which is the closest to the heating plant, to raise the level of all such existing cavities which are thus ornamented on the highest brink with habitations.

Rabbit Now a Luxury  
Once upon a time rabbit, served in many forms, was the piece-de-resistance gracing all capital city boarding house tables, never less than one a day. But, alas, then the glens and dales of Cole county were full of these furry specimens and they could be bought, unskinned, for two-bits a dozen. The advance and broadness of civilization amid these former hunting grounds of the Osage Indians, has thinned this rodent population to such an extent that hunters now demand twenty-five cents a piece for rabbits, and retail store keepers, thirty-five cents, a price way beyond what a boarding house keeper, eager to earn 500 per cent on each dollar invested in fodder for starved legislative humanity, can afford to pay. Plate beef, two years in cold storage to supply the needed packing house, copper-plated flavor and appearance, at seven cents a pound, is cheaper and less of a luxury. With a dressing of cabbage or kraut this Jefferson City prevailing variety of boarding house beef can be served under a French cognomen and the bewildered recipient will take it for granted that the dish represents a special culinary effort on the part of the high salaried chef, (generally a Lincoln Institute negro student in domestic sciences, serving and practicing an active apprenticeship for room and a sleeping place in the hostelry, between school hours.) But when ignorance is bliss, wisdom is a folly, if the digestive apparatus is in good working order, and the body is young and the spirit willing.

Street Car Fare Reasonable  
Street car fare is still as it was in the pre-war days, five cents from the point the electric vehicle is boarded to the end of the line, with no stop-over or rain checks issued. But who can live in a street car even if an inebriate finds sleeping in one a joy.

The line runs from the southeast city limits to the western end, traversing most of the way High street, the main business thoroughfare. At one end are two new grave yards, and close to the southeast terminus four more, including the National and the Old City cemeteries. In the latter, within sixty feet of the street car tracks, repose in eternal quietness, regardless of the din and other activities of a busy commercial thoroughfare, all that is mortal of Missouri's former governor, General John S. Marmaduke. The tall shaft of Missouri granite which marks the grave, is so close to the tracks that the inscription at the base can be easily read by passengers on all passing cars. There is no sidewalk on the cemetery side of the street for the very reason that this "City of the dead" extends to the curbstone, and many graves, including that of General Marmaduke, reach into the space which ought to be the pedestrians' portion of the thoroughfare. Other notables in Missouri history repose here awaiting the final call to arise.

"Atmosphere Not Arid"  
In all, Jefferson City has seven cemeteries and fourteen churches to look after the hereafter welfare of its 16,000 regular inhabitants. "Soft" beverages parlors in which "hard" ware is sold are nearly as numerous as edifices of worship, there being not less than twelve of this variety, each with the front entrance easy of access. The count does not include the "home place" in which "white mule," bountifully, if not deliciously, flavored with "fuss" and other lubricating fluids, is dispensed in single draughts, half-pints, "full measure" pints, quarts, or gallons. No extra charge is levied for the fuel contents, it being thrown in to grease the way for the exhilarating portion.

In the business center two ounces of "white mule" with a dash of soda water or ginger ale as a chaser, represents 25 cents, and on the outskirts of the Capitol city, and in the "home resorts" where you can sit in comfort in the kitchen or dining room while partaking, 25 cents, but aqua pura is then substituted as the "follow-up."

By the pint the price for the "midnight dew" ranges from one to three bucks, according to the lye in the "drippings" and the fuel oil contents. Ralston varieties gave away long ago to the extracts of corn mash. One run "drippings" sells for one dollar a pint, two runs, two dollars, and, if there are three distillations, far never less than three dollars a pint. The latter, often undiluted, tests 150 proof, and contains only a small percent of fuel and other poisonous oil. Reduced to 60 proof with the aid of water, it has the strength of "good bar goods" of by-gone days.

The "real stuff" bottled-in-bond

costs \$6.50 per pint, \$3 being exacted for the prescription, and \$3.50 for the "goods" in licensed pharmacies. Aside from these government dispensaries the "real stuff" is now a "rare avis" in the state's Capital city. Occasionally an "angel" with one or two quarts stowed away in soundless wrappings in a grip, blows into the burg, calls on a friend or two to join him at the hotel and a party follows which lasts until the "supply" is exhausted.

The supply of "white mule" in the Capitol city is so plentiful that it never gives out. And more wine with the real "kick" was turned out in Cole, Montebau, Callaway, Osage, Gasconade and Franklin counties last fall than during any similar grape harvesting season when the creating of various beverages with over a half of one per cent were not frowned upon by the federal government and the process held to be unlawful.

Real Wine Plentiful  
"Good wine," and there is plenty of it all over central Missouri, retails from a dollar to two dollars a quart, and from three to five dollars a gallon. Some of the concoctions, while not aged and otherwise prepared according to Hoyle, has a "kick" ranging from twenty-five per cent up, and the real, tart twang and taste is there.

No, gentle reader, Jefferson City is not as arid as the Great American desert, and, if you have the price, you will not suffer from thirst, that is, not of the anti-prohibition variety. Life here has its attractions regardless of the high cost of "cents" and the scarcity of rabbits.

But what will the members of the next legislature do on a compensation of \$5 a diem, the constitutional amendment to make the pay \$10, defeated and no bank account to draw against. Room rent, laundry and meals cost that much, leaving nothing for the wants of the "thirsty inner man." While it is true that three can secure and imbibe two ounces each of hooch at the cost of a dollar for the six ounces, with soda or ginger ale served to hide the flavor, in any "soft" beverage parlor, thereby saving a nickel on each such round. But one "shot" is nearly as bad as none at all.

When the three buy, completing the circle, it means but three drinks apiece, just enough to create a real thirst. Other convivial souls with an equal start join in and the crowd of three becomes six, with each round costing two dollars. Such parties never last less than three hours and when the end comes each purchases a pint at two dollars per, as a "sleep-inducer" during the balance of the night and an "eye-opener" in the morning. Each spent \$15, or three days' pay, with the room rent and the meals of next week still unprovided for. Pity The Underpaid Clerks.

If the pay of members of the legislature at \$5 per diem is not suffice to meet the cost of living in the Capitol city what is the lot of the clerks and other employees of the general assembly with a stipend of \$2.50 for each day of the week, especially if these under paid hirelings have a convivial nature. A sleeping place each must have even if the rest habit is a luxury, and occasionally they must eat. Ven food and room are paid for there is only enough left to meet the weekly laundry bill, buy a package of cigarettes and occasionally pay for a shave at twenty cents and a shine at ten cents. No "white mule" for them unless someone else "buys" or brings it to the burg in a grip or "on the hip."

Foams and Looks Like "Suds" But—  
"Home brew" can be found here and there in the Capitol city and it looks and foams like real, old "suds." The color is there, but, alas, not the taste, and, worse still, not the "life" needed to make a second pint bottle worth while. Two bottles founder, and three bottles, well, there is as such an occurrence; two bottles drives a thirsty soul to "white mule" and, worse, to plenty of it to sufficiently arouse the "inner being" from the shock of two bottles of "home-brew."

The price for "home-brew" is quarter for a "near" pint bottle. A shot of "white mule" into a bottle of "Bud" is preferable. The taste of the weird mixture is then overlooked being that the "kick" is there. Many prefer their "two ounces" of "drippings" in that form rather than hide the taste of the fuel oil with either soda water or ginger ale. Grape juice and real "grain alcohol," half and half, produce quick results and is preferred by those who can get the "real grain." "Home" made from sweet spirits of nitre by redistilling is encountered now and then but the process and material are more costly than the "oil of corn" variety. This mixture is exceedingly hard on the kidneys, especially if it is colored with tincture of iodine, or landanum.

Mainly hooch lost favor for the reason that those who distilled it were careless enough to leave the stems of the berries and the result were traces of wood alcohol. The sweet taste, "white mule" advocates say, was found to be more nauseating than fuel oil, and, in addition, there was always the danger of poisoning and subsequent death from wood alcohol.

A. T. EDMONSTON.